

On that Coelestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemn Musicke.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision.

Enter solemnly tripping one after another, sixe Personages,
clad in white Robes, wearing on their beades Garlands of
Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes
or Palme in their hands. They first Conge unto her, then
Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a spare
Garland over her Head, at which the other foure make re-
uerend Curties. Then the two that held the Garland, deli-
uer the same to the other next two, who obserue the same or-
der in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her
head. Which done, they deliuer the same Garland to the
last two: who likewise obserue the same Order. At which
(as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes of
reioycing, and holdeth up her hands to heauen. And so, in
their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them.
The Musicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leaue me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope
Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,
And brought me Garlands (Griffith) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possesse your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musicke leaue,
They are harsh and heauy to me.

Musicke ceases.

Pati. Do you note

How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?

How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pati. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And 't like your Grace

Kath. You are a sawcy Fellow,

Deserue we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse
To vse so rude behaviour. Go too, kneele.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My haist made me vnmanerly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance Griffith. But this Fellow
Let me ne're see againe.

Exit Messeng.

Enter Lord Capuchins.

If my sight faile not,

You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name Capuchins.

Cap. Madam the same. Your Seruant.

Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings request, that I would visit you,
Who greues much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;

That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. Patience, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pati. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,
Beseeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserue well; and a little
To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,
Heauen knowes how deere.

My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that so long
Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare auow
(And now I should not lye) but will deserue
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honestie, and decent Carriage

A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.
The last is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)
That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,
And something ouer to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you loue the deere'st in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. Griffith farewell. Nay Patience,
You must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be vs'd with Honor; strew me ouer
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalne me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterie me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scena

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch
before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath strooke.

Gard. These should be hoares for necessities, to haue
Not for delights: Times to rephayle our Nature wound
With comforting repose, and not for vs
To waste these times. Goodhouse of night Sir Thomas?

Whether so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero

With the Duke of Suffolke.

Lov. I must to him too.

Before he go to bed. He take my leaue

Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Lovell: what's the matter?

It seemes you are in haist, and if there be

No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend

Some touch of your late business: Affaires that walke

(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, haue

In them a wilder Nature, then the business

That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I loue you;

And durst commend a secret to your eare

Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor

They say in great Extremity, and fear'd

Shee'l with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruite she goes with

I pray for heartily, that it may finde

Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd vp now.

Lov. He thinks I could

Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes

Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's

Deserue our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,

Heare me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman

Of mine owne way. I know you Wise, Religious,

And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,

'Twill not Sir Thomas Lovell, tak't of me,

Till Cranmer, Cromwel, her two hands, and shee

Sleepe in their Graues.

Lovell. Now Sir, you speake of two

The most remark'd i'th Kingdome: as for Cromwel,

Beside that of the Iewell-House, is made Master

O'th Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,

Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,

With which the Lime will load him, Th' Archbyshop

Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speake

One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,

There are that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd

To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day

Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue

Incent the Lords o'th Councell, that he is

(For so I know he is, they know he is)

A most Arch-Heretique, a Pestilence

That does infect the Land: with which, they moued

Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre

Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,

And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefs,

Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your Affaires
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir Thomas.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your seruant.

Enter King and Suffolke.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night,

My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.

King. But little Charles,

Nor shall you when my Fancies on my play.

Now Lovell, from the Queene what is the Newes?

Lov. I could not personally deliuer to her

What you commanded me, but by her woman,

I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks

In the great'st humblenesse, and desir'd your Highnesse

Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? Ha?

To pray for her? What is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made

Almost each pang, a death.

King. Alas good Lady,

Suff. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and

With gentle Trauaille, to the gladding of

Your Highnesse with an Heire.

King. 'Tis midnight Charles,

Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember

The state of my poore Queene. Leau me alone,

For I must thinke of that, which company

Would not be friendly too.

Suff. I wish your Highnesse

A quiet night, and my good Mistis will

Remember in my Prayers.

King. Charles good night.

Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-bishop,

As you commanded me.

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he Denny?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Bring him to Vs.

Lov. This is about that, which the Byshop spake,

I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Auoyd the Gallery.

Ha? I haue said. Be gone.

What?

Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?

'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.

King. How now my Lord?

You do desire to know wherefore

I sent for you.

Cran. It is my dutie

T'attend your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Pray you arise

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury:

Come, you and I must walke a turne together:

I haue Newes to tell you.

Come, come, giue me your hand.

Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,

And am right sorrie to repeat what followes.

I haue, and most vnwillingly of late

x 2

Heard